

A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION



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1974

# SCREAM

TALES OF HORROR TO ROT YOUR MIND



**the Asylum DOWN TO HADES TO DIE! Who Killed the Shark?**  
**the Victims: I AM HORROR INCARNATE!**

FABA



in every issue of

**PSYCHO**

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BEGINNING

## ***the Fiend of Changsha!***

A BRAND NEW HORROR-MOOD CHARACTER

illustrated by

**CHULL SANHO KIM**

... Vampirism is a horror unknown in China, till the monster Dracula (that's the fiend illustrated below) visits this land of great beauty and corrupts the mind of a common grave robber who turns China into a land of evil — join us in Psycho 21 for the birth of an astonishing new HORROR-MOOD character: THE FIEND OF CHANGSHA, and the introduction of a dramatic new HORROR-MOOD TEAM artist: SANHO KIM!





A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE

# SCREAM

edited by ALAN HEWETSON

number 9 September 1974

cover artist

FABA

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WAKE UP MARTIN... WAKE UP...

MARTIN... I'M CALLING YOU  
MARTIN... WAKE UP...

WAKE UP  
ooo

AHH... THAT'S **BETTER** MARTIN...  
YOU'VE OPENED YOUR EYES... GET  
UP MARTIN... **GET UP**...



WRITTEN BY AUGUSTINE FUNNELL  
ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PUIGAGUT

...WHAT'S  
GOING  
ON?...



NOW DON'T GET **UPSET** MARTIN...  
I'M NOT GOING TO... **HARM** YOU...  
STAND UP MARTIN, FOLLOW MY VOICE...  
DON'T BE **AFRAID** MARTIN... JUST  
FOLLOW MY VOICE. **COME** MARTIN...  
I'VE RESERVED A **SPECIAL PLACE** FOR  
YOU. **COME** MARTIN... ENTER MY  
**DOMAIN**... **COME** MARTIN...

**DOWN  
TO HADES...  
TO DIE!**



WHAT'S HAPPENING  
HERE? ONE MINUTE I'M  
SLEEPIN' IN MY  
APARTMENT IN  
BROOKLYN, AND THE  
NEXT...

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT  
MARTIN... JUST FOLLOW MY  
VOICE... COME MARTIN...



COME  
MARTIN...  
YOU'RE DELAYING  
THINGS. START  
WALKING  
MARTIN... JUST  
FOLLOW MY  
VOICE.



WHAT'S THE **MATTER**  
MARTIN... DON'T YOU  
LIKE MY... **HOME?**  
COME, COME NOW...  
DON'T BE AFRAID...  
JUST KEEP WALKING...





NOW MARTIN...  
DID YOU REALLY  
THINK I'D LET  
SOMETHING LIKE  
THAT HAPPEN TO  
YOU? REALLY  
MARTIN



KEEP WALKING  
MARTIN... YOU'VE  
NOWHERE ELSE  
TO GO... AND JUST  
SO YOU DON'T  
DECIDE TO TURN  
BACK, I MIGHT AS  
WELL TELL YOU THAT  
THE WEREWOLF WILL BE  
WAITING FOR YOU AND IT WILL  
BE REAL NEXT TIME!



THIS IS A NIGHTMARE...  
IT HAS TO BE!!!



... PLEASE  
GOD... PLEASE  
LET IT BE ONLY A  
NIGHTMARE...



THAT VOICE...  
GOADING ME ON...  
KNOWING WHAT  
COMES NEXT!





AGAIN MARTIN. LOOK AT THOSE FANGS  
MARTIN... DO YOU KNOW WHAT HE **DOES** WITH  
THEM? HE USES THEM FOR FOOD MARTIN...



...FOR DIGGING  
INTO YOUR **NECK**  
FOR **BLOOD!!!**



MARTIN, MARTIN,  
MARTIN.' I  
TOLD YOU NOT  
TO BE AFRAID...  
YOU REALLY  
SHOULD LISTEN TO  
ME YOU KNOW.

GOD...  
PLEASE GET  
ME OUT OF THIS  
...I CAN'T TAKE  
MUCH MORE!

NOW COME **ALONG** MARTIN...  
BECAUSE THE VAMPIRE IS BACK  
THERE **WITH** THE WEREWOLF...  
AND THEY'RE **BOTH** WAITING  
FOR YOU!



MY MIND'S  
**SNAPPING...**  
I CAN **FEEL** IT!  
I'M GOING  
**INSANE!** MY  
GOD, I'M  
GOING  
**NUTS!!!**



GOD...  
**NOW**  
WHAT???

YOU'VE BEEN SUFFICIENTLY  
**PREPARED**, SO MY  
SERVANTS ARE **COMING**  
FOR YOU NOW MARTIN...

...DON'T BE AFRAID OF THEM  
MARTIN... THEY WON'T HURT  
YOU... **REALLY** THEY WON'T!



THAT'S RIGHT MARTIN...  
DON'T RUN... JUST  
WAIT FOR THEM...

GOD PLEASE  
GET ME AWAY FROM  
HERE... **PLEASE**  
**PLEASE...**









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... Welcome to SCREAM number 3, the numero uno magazine on the newstand, wherein we introduce new artist PUIGAGUT with a strange tale by strange AUGUSTINE FUNNELL, murder the shark in NOSFERATU, chapter 8, kill off METZGERSTEIN in the classic POE tale of horror, pay tribute to paranoid PABLO MARCOS, kill some ghosts in haunted houses, kill some lunatics in asylums, and threaten to KILL THE VICTIMS in I AM HORROR INCARNATE — all in all an ALL-HORROR ISSUE!

## THE MACABRE SCREAM MAILBAG

Corrupt correspondence from BRIAN GRAY of Tulsa, Oklahoma, regarding the awesome FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER — "I do not think you should have Frankenstein in a regular series. The stories would be good, but each story would be searching for some new situation that you could put him in. After 3 or 4 stories, the

interesting to see what you could do with an adaptation of FRANKENSTEIN UNBOUND, the relatively new novel by Brian Aldiss which just appeared in FANTASTIC STORIES. I can hardly wait for TOMB OF HORROR, but I guess I have to!" NIGHTMARE PRESENTS TOMB OF HORROR will be on sale September 26, 1974, for

Macabre correspondence from JOHN WHITEHEAD of Manchester in England — "I would like you to know how much my brother and I enjoy your books... The stories are very good indeed. We get the magazines once a year when we go down to Wales, where a few odd shops sell them — we read every word! Thank you



A corrupt coupon from VICTOR SHARP of Lake City, Tennessee, lats us know that THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS, chapter one, was his favorite tale in SCREAM 6, because — "Both story and art were fantastic — Suso is the best!"... A couple of corrupt coupons from FRANK CLARK of Wylie, Texas indicate we should continue the FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER series, and that MS. FOUND IN A BOTTLE was his favorite tale in SCREAM #6! LUNDY ARTHUR WRIGHT of Birchleaf, Virginia writes that WHEN THE DUSK FALLS, SO DOES DEATH, in the MONSTER MONSTER SAGA, was his favorite tale in SCREAM #4 — PAULINE SMITH, aged 44, writes that she has no favorite story of the issue: "I love all of them — but particularly AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A VAMPIRE!"...

stories would become comical. Not demeaning your writers, but I really don't think you could have Frankenstein in a series without degrading the stories. I would thoroughly LOVE to see Frankenstein in a series, but not a series that is stupid! If you do put Frankenstein in a series you will have to have Frankenstein regenerated by another mad doctor. This will start the stepping stones for your series to go further down in quality. Maybe every 3 issues or something like that. Also I would like to commend Skywald magazines for their interpretations of Edgar Allan Poe's Classic Horror Stories."

VON BODENHAUSEN of Bellevue, Nebraska writes: "Yes, I would like to see the FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER featured as a regular character in every issue of SCREAM. If you could get permission, it would be in-

all you fanatics of the gruesome and the fantastical..."

Y'all don't forget our very special contest — (it's special because you don't win anything) — namely, THE MOST QUESTIONS ANYONE CAN POSSIBLY ASK HORROR + MOOD CONTEST — that's right, the winner is the latter we receive that, simply, asks the most, and the weirdest, questions, about what's going on in the HORROR+MOOD magazine — the winner will have his ENTIRE LETTER published, along with our answers, natch!, plus an autographed copy of a current issue — so ENTER NOW, send your question-latters to:

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The 1974 PSYCHO SUMMER SPECIAL pits the greatest of all monsters, the FRANKENSTEIN, p.e.h.e.m.o.h against the greatest of all vampires, DRACULA! The extraordinary art by Cesar Lopez makes this a very special Summer-Special for your HORROR+MOOD COLLECTION on sale August 29, miss it not!

all for publishing such a super book, and having time to read any letter!" — Indeed we are always delighted to read every piece of mail we receive, whether from fans abroad or right here at home...

SOSTRES will be taking over the artistic chores for LADY SATAN momentarily just as soon as he finishes the silly seal to REDEMPTION FOR A HUMAN BEING, namely, IN THE JUNGLE OF THE BATS, as fierce and ragged a sequel as you'll EVER want to read...

If y'all have something to SAY then write — if not — then enjoy reading! Enjoy, enjoy!... R.I.P.

ARCHAIC AL



# A BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS

**T**he best story in this issue is \_\_\_\_\_  
 because \_\_\_\_\_

my favorite all-time HORROR-MOOD story is \_\_\_\_\_  
 because \_\_\_\_\_

I buy the HORROR-MOOD magazines because \_\_\_\_\_

my favorite HORROR-MOOD writer is \_\_\_\_\_

my favorite HORROR-MOOD artist is \_\_\_\_\_

my favorite HORROR-MOOD cover artist is \_\_\_\_\_

my favorite **type** of story (horror, adventure, suspense, science fiction sword and sorcery) is \_\_\_\_\_

stories should be (a) 5 to 10 pages long (b) 10 to 15 pages (c) 15 pages or longer (d) variety of lengths \_\_\_\_\_

I think the photofeatures are (good, bad, or comment): \_\_\_\_\_

my favorite HORROR-MOOD story **TITLE** is \_\_\_\_\_

my favorite HORROR-MOOD **CHARACTERS** are  
 (the Human Gargoyles-Nosferatu-Frankenstien-Monster Monster-the Heap -Lady Satan): \_\_\_\_\_

my favorite HORROR-MOOD series are  
 (Darkkoss Manse-Tales out of Hell-The Shoggoth Mythos-The Saga of the Victims): \_\_\_\_\_

I think text stories are (good, bad, or comment)(stories like THE SKELETON IN THE DESERT, DEAD—BUT NOT YET BURIED, THE GHOU OUT OF HELL): \_\_\_\_\_

What ideas do you have for **CHANGING** the magazines or for **NEW FEATURES**? \_\_\_\_\_

my favorite cover of the 3 covers pictured below is (check one)



☐ as an insert



☐ full size cover art



☐ special design art

comment \_\_\_\_\_

my favorite all time HORROR-MOOD cover is \_\_\_\_\_

send in this page, or a facsimile, so that we can better entertain you — to the first 25 (yes — 25!!) BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS we receive we will send an advance copy of NIGHTMARE PRESENTS TOMBS OF HORROR SPECIAL-EDITION, and to the best most complete, 10 BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS we receive we will send AUTOGRAPHED advance copies of that SPECIAL TOMBS OF HORROR EDITION — send in your ideas to us today, and maybe WIN a free, autographed copy of the finest horror magazine you will ever read!

## BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS

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name \_\_\_\_\_ age \_\_\_\_\_  
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HORROR AND FATALITY HAVE BEEN STALKING ABRGAD IN ALL AGES -- IN HUNGARY THE FAMILIES OF BERLUFITZING AND METZENGERSTEIN HAD BEEN WARING FOR CENTURIES -- THE ORIGIN OF THIS ENMITY SEEMS TO BE FOUND IN THE WORDS OF AN ANCIENT PROPHECY. "A LOFTY NAME SHALL HAVE A FEARFUL FALL WHEN, AS THE RIDER OVER HIS HORSE, THE MORTALITY OF METZENGERSTEIN SHALL TRIUMPH OVER THE IMMORTALITY OF BERLUFITZING". NOW THIS PROPHECY SO OBSCURELY WRITTEN (AND BY WHOM NO-ONE KNOWS) NO-ONE EVER UNDERSTOOD...YET...IT FORMS THE BASIS FOR THE NARRATIVE TITLED:

# Metzengerstein

ILLUSTRATED BY COLLADO

...AT THE EPOCH OF THIS NARRATIVE, WILHELM, COUNT BERLUFITZING, WAS AN INFIRM AND DOTING OLD MAN -- REMARKABLE FOR NOTHING EXCEPT HIS HATRED FOR THE METZENGERSTEIN FAMILY AND FOR HIS PASSIONATE LOVE OF HORSES...



...FREDERICK, BARON METZENGERSTEIN, WAS, ON THE OTHER HAND, NOT YET OF AGE WHEN HE CAME TO POSSESS THE VAST METZENGERSTEIN LANDS AND RICHES, INCLUDING THE GREAT PALACE - WHOSE AREA EMBRACED A CIRCUIT OF FIFTY MILES...



...SHAMEFUL DEBAUCHERIES -- FLAGRANT TREACHERIES -- UNHEARD-OF ATROCITIES WERE THE YOUNG BARON'S IMMEDIATE EMPLOY -- ONLY FOUR DAYS AFTER HIS GRAND FATHER DIED AND THE YOUNG MAN ACQUIRED THE INCREDIBLE METZENGERSTEIN ESTATES, HE BURNED THE STABLES OF THE CASTLE BERLUFITZING TO THE GROUND...



...DURING THE NIGHT OF THE FIRE, THE BARON BURIED HIMSELF IN HIS STUDY, DEEP IN MEDITATION, ENROBED IN A MAJESTIC TAPESTRY WHICH PORTRAYED THE HORSE OF THE BERLUFITZING HOUSE: HOLE, MOTIONLESS AND STATUS-LIKE WHILE ITS RIDER PERISHED BY THE DASSER OF A METZENGERSTEIN...



...AS BARON METZENGERSTEIN WATCHED, A FIENDISH EXPRESSION AROSE ON HIS LIPS -- TO HIS EXTREME HORROR AND ASTONISHMENT, THE HEAD OF THE GIGANTIC STEED ALTERED ITS POSITION, THREW THE RIDER FROM HIS BACK TO THE GROUND THEN DISTENDED HIS LIPS TO REVEAL DISGUSTING YELLOW TEETH SNARLED TO A VICIOUS LEER...



...THE BARON FLED THE ROOM IN HORROR...

...IN HIS COURTYARD, THE BARON OBSERVED HIS SERVANTS WRESTLING TO RESTRAIN A GIGANTIC AND FIERY-COLOURED HORSE...

WHOSE HORSE? WHERE DID YOU GET HIM?

WE CAUGHT HIM FLYING -- ALL SMOKING AND FOAMING WITH RAGE, FROM THE BURNING STABLES OF THE CASTLE BERLUFITZING... BUT HE IS NOT A BERLUFITZING HORSE -- WE INQUIRED -- NO-ONE KNOWS ANYTHING OF HIM...

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED WORD SIRE... YOUR ENEMY, THE OLD BERLUFITZING, PERISHED IN THE FIRE... HE TRIED TO SAVE HIS HORSES -- AND WAS CONSUMED IN THE FLAMES -- HE IS DEAD.

HAHAHAHA NAAAHAAAAA  
-- SHOCKING!  
NAHAHAHAHA HANA HA!!



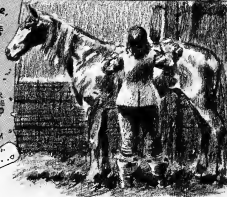
...FROM THIS DATE A  
MARKED **ALTERATION**  
TOOK PLACE IN THE  
OUTWARD DEMEANOR  
OF THE DISSOLUTE  
YOUNG BARON  
FRIEDRICH VON  
METZENGERSTEIN  
-- HE BECAME **UTTERLY**  
**COMPANIONLESS** --  
UNLESS, INDEED THAT  
UNNATURAL, IMPETUOUS  
AND FIERY-COLOURED  
HORSE WHICH HE  
CONTINUALLY BESTRODE  
HAD ANY MYSTERIOUS  
RIGHT TO THE TITLE  
OF "FRIEND"



...IN THE GLARE OF THE  
MOON - AT THE DEAD  
HOUR OF NIGHT - IN  
SICKNESS OR IN HEALTH  
IN CALM OR IN  
TEMPEST - YOUNG  
METZENGERSTEIN  
SEEMED RIVETED  
TO THE SADDLE OF  
THAT COLLOSSAL  
HORSE...



...THERE WAS AN **UNEARTHY**  
CHARACTER TO THE  
MANIA OF THE RIDER,  
AND TO THE  
CHARACTERISTICS OF  
THE **STEED**, THE JUMP  
OF THE **STEED** WAS  
MEASURED AND HAD  
OUTDISTANCED THE  
IMAGINATION - THE  
BARON WOULD NOT  
NAME HIS **STEED**  
FOR A REASON NEVER  
DETERMINED... AND THE  
HORSE WAS ATTENDED  
BY THE BARON ONLY  
AT A SPECIAL STABLE  
SOME DISTANCE FROM  
THE OTHERS...



...NUMEROUS INVITATIONS ON  
THE PART OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD  
PERIODICALLY CAME IN, "WILL THE  
BARON HONOR OUR FESTIVITIES  
WITH HIS PRESENCE?" "WILL THE  
BARON JOIN US IN A HUNTING OF  
THE BEAR?" "METZENGERSTEIN  
DOES NOT HUNT," "METZENGERSTEIN  
WILL NOT ATTEND," WERE THE  
HAUGHTY AND LAZIC ANSWERS...



...AND FURTHER, IT APPEARED  
YOUNG METZENGERSTEIN WAS  
**TERRIFIED** BY HIS CONSTANT  
COMPANION - AND WAS NOTICED  
TO TURN **PALE** AND **SHRINK**  
AWAY FROM THE RAPID AND  
SEARCHING EXPRESSION OF  
THE HORSE'S **HUMAN-  
LOOKING EYE**...





...ONE TEMPESTUOUS NIGHT,  
METZENGERSTEIN, AWAKING  
FROM A HEAVY SLEEPER,  
DESCENDED LIKE A  
MANIAC FROM HIS CHAMBER.

HE MOUNTED  
IN HOT HASTE,  
AND BOUNDED  
AWAY INTO  
THE MAZES  
OF THE  
SURROUNDING  
FOREST...

SEVERAL HOURS  
LATER, THE  
STUPENDOUS AND  
MAGNIFICENT  
BATTLEMENTS OF  
THE PALACE  
METZENGERSTEIN  
WERE DISCOVERED  
CRACKLING AND  
ROCKING TO THEIR  
VERY FOUNDATION,  
UNDER THE  
INFLUENCE OF A  
DENSE AND LIVID  
MASS OF  
UNGOVERNABLE  
FIRE...

...ATTEMPTS TO SAVE THE  
BUILDING WERE FUTILE.  
THE SERVANTS LACKED  
THE DIRECTIONS OF  
THEIR MASTER AND ALL  
WAS IN CHAOS...



...UP THE LONG AVENUE  
OF AGED OAKS WHICH  
LED FROM THE FOREST  
TO THE MAIN ENTRANCE  
OF THE PALACE...  
METZENBERGSTEIN, A  
**STEED**, BEARING A  
GREATLY DISORDERED  
**RIDER**, WAS SEEN  
LEAPING WITH AN  
IMPETUOSITY WHICH  
**OUTSTRIPPED** THE  
VERY **DEMON OF**  
**THE TEMPEST**...



...THE **ASONY** OF THE **RIDER'S** **RACE**,  
THE **STRUGGLE** OF HIS **BODY**, GAVE  
EVIDENCE OF **SUPERHUMAN** **EXERTION**:  
BUT NO **SOUND** SAVE A SOLITARY  
**SHRIEK**, ESCAPED FROM HIS **LACERATED**  
**LIPS**, WHICH WERE BITTEN THROUGH AND  
THROUGH IN THE **INTENSITY** OF  
**TEROR**...



**ONE INSTANT**, AND THE  
CLATTERING OF **HOOF**S  
REBOUNDED SHARPLY AND  
SHRIILLY ABOVE THE **ROARING**  
OF THE **FLAMES** AND THE  
**SHRIEKING** OF THE **WINDS**--  
**ANOTHER**, AND, CLEARING  
AT A **SINGLE PLUNGE** THE  
GATE-WAY AND THE **MOAT**...



...THE **STEED**, **BOUNDED**  
FAR UP THE **TOTTERING**  
**STAIRCASE** OF THE  
PALACE AND, WITH ITS  
**RIDER**, **DISAPPEARED**  
AMID THE **WHIRLWIND**  
OF **CHAOTIC FIRE**...



...THE FURY OF THE  
TEMPEST IMMEDIATELY  
DIED AWAY, AND A DEAD  
CALM SULLENLY  
SUCCEEDED. A WHITE  
FLAME STILL ENVELOPED  
THE BUILDING LIKE A  
SHROUD, AND STREAMING  
FAR AWAY INTO THE  
QUIET ATMOSPHERE, SHOT  
FORTH A GLARE OF  
PRETERNATURAL LIGHT,  
WHILE A CLOUD OF SMOKE  
SETTLED HEAVILY OVER  
THE BATTLEMENTS IN  
THE DISTINCT COLOSSAL  
FIGURE OF A HORSE...

AND FROM AMIDST THE  
GLARE, A FIGURE WAS  
SEEN CLEARLY TO DESCEND  
THE STAIRS, AND TO EXIT  
THE COURTYARD...

THE FIGURE OF AN OLD MAN  
- DEAD THREE WEEKS - THE  
SPIRIT - THE WALKING SOUL...

...AND THE OLD MAN'S FACE,  
EMACIATED, DETERIORATED, AND  
BURNED, WAS THE FACE OF  
WILHELM, COUNT  
BERLITZING...





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### **THIS IS THE FACE OF LIVING-DEATH!**

Horror has a thousand faces, all of them evil, all of them fierce and barbaric and fiendish. This is the face of living death — noble yet corrupt — powerful yet diseased — the face of a mindless monster who cares not who or what it kills or tortures. This face is faceless and unreal, nameless and yet dignified. It is the face of living death, who rather typifies the kind of fiend you read about in every chapter of the saga of the Victims — There is an astonishing reason for the agony that befalls the Victims in every adventure, as one day you will learn in the concluding chapter, when you come face to face with the face of living death!



WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON  
ILLUSTRATED BY ZESAR

SEÑOR YORSE--  
WHY ARE YOU  
GROVELLING?

LEAVE ME BE,  
NOSFERATU--I  
AM NOT WELL!

--NOT WELL?  
YOU ARE DEAD...  
WHAT CAN  
GIVE YOU  
PAIN?

...YOU ARE A  
MERCILESS FIEND,  
NOSFERATU--A BLOOD-  
MONGER--A PITIFUL  
BEING...

...THERE ARE TEN MEN  
AND A WOMAN WITHIN  
NOSFERATU'S PALACE...7  
MEN HAVE ALREADY BEEN  
HUMILIATED, DEBASED, AND  
EXPOSED--7 MEN WHOSE  
SOULS ARE NOW WITHIN  
HELL, REVELLING IN  
MISERY--THERE ARE 3  
MEN AND A WOMAN NOW  
TO BE HEARD FROM--  
MORRIB MISFITS EAGER  
TO GET THEIR TALES  
TOLD--EAGER TO SPEAK  
AND TO RELIEVE THEIR  
AGONY--FOR THE HOUR  
IS LATE, OR EARLY--THE  
DAWN WILL SOON RISE  
AND A TWELFTH BEING  
PRESENT WILL SPEAK HIS  
TALE--A MONSTER IN  
HUMAN FORM--THE 11  
HUMANS WERE BORN  
HUMAN AND BRED A HU-  
MAN WHO FELL VICTIMS  
TO THE TALINTS OF TEMP-  
TATION--BUT NOSFERATU?  
NOT THAT MONSTER--HE  
WAS NEVER HUMAN,  
THOUGH HE IS THE ONLY  
BEING PRESENT HERE THIS  
NIGHT WHO IS YET ALIVE,  
WHO SPEAKS TO HIS  
"GUESTS" AS CONDESCEND-  
INGLY AS SATAN HIMSELF  
WOULD ADDRESS HIS  
LOWEST, YILEST  
MINION--

...IT IS MY HEART--  
I LONG FOR MY BE-  
LOVED MARIA--I LOVE  
HER SO MUCH...

...THEN PERHAPS YOU  
SHOULD SPEAK YOUR  
TALE NOW, SHARK  
YORSE, THE AGONY OF  
YOUR PRESENT MOOD  
WILL BE REFLECTED  
AS YOU SPEAK YOUR  
STORY...

...GET  
WITH YOUR  
TALE...

NOSFERATU

CHAPTER 8

WHO KILLED THE SHARK?



...THIS IS SENOR RAMON VOSE OF  
BRAZIL, MASKED WITHIN A SHARK'S  
HEAD...

...I AM...DUBIOUSLY  
HONORED TO BE IN SUCH  
DISTINGUISHED COMPANY  
HERE TONIGHT...

...FOR I AM NOT A  
DISTINGUISHED PER-  
SON MYSELF--I AM IN FACT  
A COMMON WORKER OF  
FARMING STOCK...

...WHO CAME TO THE  
CITY AND BY CHANCE I  
WAS PRESS-GANGED  
ABOARD A SHIP  
AGAINST MY WILL...

...IT WAS MY DOWNFALL WHEN THEY  
DRAGGED ME ABOARD "THE OCEAN  
PENGUIN" THAT NIGHT--BUT IT WAS MY  
FATE AND GOOD FORTUNE, TOO--THAT  
ABOARD HER WAS MY MARIA--  
DAUGHTER OF CAPTAIN SALVATORE--  
A MERCILESS TREASURE HUNTER WHO  
CARED LITTLE FOR THE HUMAN RIGHTS  
OF HIS CREW...

...THERE ARE 45 MEN ABOARD THE  
SEA PENGUIN--YOU SIX MEN WERE  
PRESS-GANGED BECAUSE I WAS SHORT  
A FULL CREW...SO I UNDERSTAND FULL  
WELL YOUR RESENTMENT AGAINST  
ME...

...BUT YOU  
SHOULD ALSO  
KNOW WHAT GOOD  
FORTUNE IT IS FOR  
YOU THAT YOU ARE ABOARD...  
I AM A TREASURE-HUNTER,  
AND RECENTLY HAVE COME  
INTO INFORMATION ABOUT A  
WRECK CONTAINING MILLIONS  
IN SPANISH BOOTY...

...YOU CAN SHARE THIS  
FORTUNE WHEN WE DIG IT  
OUT OF THE OCEAN FLOOR...  
FOR A VOYAGE LASTING  
ABOUT A MONTH, AND HARD  
WORK--YOU CAN ALL RETIRE  
RICH MEN...SO LOOK NOT  
UPON ME AS AN OGRE--  
BUT AS YOUR VERY  
BEST FRIEND...



...THE 3RD DAY OUT OF PORT I,  
SAW MARIA...

MARIA...THE CAPTAIN'S  
DAUGHTER-- BUT HAVE NO  
ROMANTIC THOUGHT  
ABOUT HER...

MY LORD...  
WHO IS THAT  
WOMAN?...

AYE...THE CAPTAIN  
WOULD AS SOON  
SLAY YOU AS LOOK  
AT YOU IF YOU EVEN  
SPOKE TO HER...

EXCUSE ME-- WILL ONE  
OF YOU HELP ME A MO-  
MENT, PLEASE?

I SHOULD BE  
PLEASED TO HELP  
YOU ANY WAY  
I CAN...  
WHAT IS  
IT?

I NEED  
A TRUNK  
MOVED...

WHERE WOULD  
YOU LIKE IT  
MOVED?

TO MY FATHER'S  
CABIN-- IT WAS  
PLACED IN MY CABIN  
BY MISTAKE!

"...I KNOW NOT WHY  
MARIA, THE PRINCESS  
FELL IN LOVE WITH  
ME-- PERHAPS THE  
TYRANNY OF HER  
FATHER, KEEPING HER  
AWAY FROM ANY MAN,  
HAD SOMETHING TO DO  
WITH IT-- PERHAPS SHE  
WOULD HAVE FALLEN IN  
LOVE WITH ANY MAN--  
BUT THANK THE LORD--  
SHE DID NOT LOVE ANY  
MAN-- SHE LOVED ME..."

MARIA...I...

...DO NOT SPEAK,  
RAMON, IF YOU ARE  
GOING TO SPEAK OF  
MY FATHER...I KNOW  
AS WELL AS YOU  
THAT HE WOULD  
NEVER ALLOW OUR  
LOVE...

...BUT WITHIN A  
MONTH I WILL BE  
A RICH MAN AND  
OFF YOUR FATHER'S  
SHIP--WE CAN ESCAPE  
HIS TYRANNY ASHORE  
--WE CAN BE WED--  
HE'LL NEVER FIND  
US...

\*...AS I SPOKE  
MY PLAN--  
SMILE CAME  
TO MARIA'S  
LIPS--SHE  
KISSED ME  
TENDERLY AND  
WE EMBRACED,  
THINKING NOT  
OF NOW--  
OF OUR TO-  
MORROWS AS  
MAN AND  
WIFE...

\*ON THE FIFTH  
DAY OF OUR  
VOYAGE--WE  
DROPPED ANCHOR  
--AND BEGAN  
PREPARATIONS  
FOR THE UNDER-  
WATER SEARCH  
FOR THE SUNKEN  
GALLEON...

WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING HERE, MARIA?

I--I'M JUST  
TAKING IN THE  
SUN, FATHER...  
I...

GO BELOW  
DECK--IF  
YOU STAY HERE  
YOUR BEAUTY DIS-  
TRACTS THE MEN...

\*...I  
WANTED  
TO KILL  
HIM...

GO BELOW DECK!





"WHERE HE  
WAS FORCED TO  
WALK--  
THE PLANK--  
FORCED TO  
WALK SEVEN  
FEET TO HIS  
DEATH INTO  
THE MIGHTY  
ATLANTIC...

"FOR THE  
SHARKS  
WERE WAIT-  
ING FOR SUCH  
A SUMPTUOUS  
FEAST AS  
THIS VICTIM  
--FATTENED  
FOR THE  
KILL....



"ONLY THEN--DID I DIS-  
COVER THE REAL MARIA..."

YOU MEN DO NOT REALIZE WHAT  
YOU HAVE DONE! YOU HAVE KILLED  
A MAN WHO COULD HAVE GIVEN  
YOU A FORTUNE IN GOLD--THIS MAN,  
RAMON VORSE, LUSTED AFTER ME  
AS HE LUSTED AFTER MY FATHER'S  
TREASURE!



...HE MADE UP LIES...  
HE INCITED YOU TO  
MUTINY AGAINST AN  
INNOCENT MAN--I--I  
DO NOT BLAME YOU MEN--  
--ON THE SURFACE...

...YOU SAW IN MY FATHER  
A TYRANNICAL OLD  
MAN--BUT I KNEW  
MY FATHER INSIDE--  
HE WAS A GOOD AND  
KIND MAN...

...AN HONEST MAN--WHO  
COVERED UP HIS TRUE  
SELF WITH FACADE OF  
BEING CRUEL--BECAUSE  
HE FEARED THOSE WHO  
WOULD TAKE  
ADVANTAGE OF HIM...  
THIS MAN IS MY  
FATHER'S  
MURDERER...

MARIA--I--I...

NO LONGER AM I AFRAID OF  
YOU AND YOUR THREATS  
AGAINST MY LIFE, IF I DID NOT  
SUCCEED TO YOUR FILTHY  
LUSTS OF THE FLESH...





"...THE  
MEN  
CAME  
UPON ME,  
INCITED NOT  
BY REASON, BUT  
BY THE PASSIONATE  
LIES OF A BEAUTIFUL  
WOMAN..."

"...THEY LIFTED ME INTO  
THE AIR WITH A FURIOUS  
ROAR OF ANGER..."

"...FOR  
THEY  
BELIEVED  
I HAD  
DECEIVED  
THEM..."

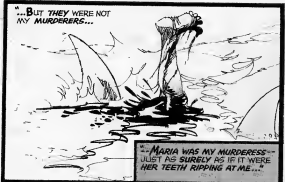
"...WHO ATTACKED IN  
A HORDE AND RIPPED  
ME APART..."




"...AND  
THEY  
THREW  
ME TO  
THE  
SHARKS..."



"...BUT THEY WERE NOT  
MY MURDERERS..."



"...MARIA WAS MY MURDERESS--  
JUST AS SURELY AS IF IT WERE  
HER TEETH RIPPING AT ME..."



NOW--LET US GET  
ABOUT OUR WORK--  
LET US DIG OUT THE  
DEPTHS THE FORTUNE MY  
BELOVED FATHER PLANNED  
FOR US...

...BUT WHICH ONLY  
I WILL BENEFIT BY--  
FOR THE MOMENT THIS  
VESSEL TOUCHES SHORE  
I'LL HAVE EVERY ONE OF  
YOU **ARRESTED** FOR THE  
**MUTINY AND MURDER**  
OF MY FATHER--AND  
THE FORTUNE WILL BE  
MINE ALONE...

\* FOR SOME  
REASON--BEYOND  
THE POWERS  
MORTAL MAN  
COMPREHEND--  
THOUGH I WAS  
DEAD, MY MIND  
STILL LIVED WITH-  
IN MY CORPSE...

\* I WATCHED AS THE  
DIVERS CAME INTO THE  
WATERS AND DISCOVERED  
THE FABULOUS PIRATE  
TREASURE...

\* AND A PLAN  
CAME TO MY MIND--  
A PLAN SO WICKEDLY  
HUMOROUS IN  
DESIGN I KNEW  
SATAN HIMSELF  
WOULD DIE LAUGH-  
ING WHEN HE HEARD  
OF IT...

\* I WATCHED AS THEY BEGAN  
HAULING IT UP TO THE SHIP...



... BREAK OPEN  
THE CHESTS NOW--  
AND LET US EVALUATE  
OUR FORTUNES...

... I--HAVE--  
MY--  
REVENGE...

... UPON--  
MY--  
MURDERESS...  
MY--  
BELOVED--  
MARIA--





...SO--UNMASK  
NOW, YORSE, AND  
LET US SEE WHAT  
REMAINS OF  
YOUR--AHM--  
REMAINS...

SO--YOU NEVER REALLY ENJOYED THE LOVE OF MARIA, EH, YORSE--AND THE WHOLE ROMANCE WAS ONE-SIDED INFATUATION--YOU LOVED A WITCH...

YES--I LOVED  
A WITCH...

YES, YES--BUT SHE  
DID NOT LOVE YOU--I  
ONLY EXPRESS THE FACTS  
...YOU NEVER HAD HER  
LOVE...

NO--I NEVER  
HAD HER LOVE...

YOU TURN THE SCREW  
INTO MY HEART AS DEEP AS  
IT WILL GO, NOSFERATU--  
STILL IT DOES NOT CHANGE  
THE TRUTH--I LOVED MARIA  
AS I HAVE LOVED NO  
OTHER WOMAN...

...BUT TO  
THIS DAY--  
I HAVE HER  
HEART!

NEXT: THE TALE  
OF THE WOMAN--  
**I KILL  
TO LIVE!**

# Horror-Mood Artist of the Month

## PABLO MARCOS

Paranoic PABLO MARCOS, illustrator, cover artist, family man, and really nice guy, has been an important member of the HORROR-MOOD TEAM for several years. His corrupt illustrations first appeared in these pages, and ever since his work has appeared in the magazine of every major illustrated magazine group. Marcos hails from Mexico, where he recently returned with his charming wife and four children, after a four year stint in the New York City area. At home in Mexico, Pablo will return to his country-unknown newspaper strips and magazine illustrations, but we will continue to feature his artwork in our pages from time to time. Always controversial! — readers will recall his very gruesome illustrations for the very gruesome tale, LIMB FROM LIMB FROM DEATH; always dramatic — you will recall his very exciting artwork on THE HEAD and more recently on LADY SATAN; always exciting and visually powerful — you will no doubt remember THE SLITHER-SLIME MAN and THE ASYLUM OF FROZEN HELL; artist PABLOS MARCOS is a man with a promising laurel SALUTE!



scene from THE TUNNELS OF HORROR

A scene from the now-famous Horror-Mood tale THE SLITHER-SLIME MAN





the great Pablo Marcos artwork for LADY SATAN



a scene from THE SUICIDE WEREWOLF



the insane Pablo Marcos artwork for THE HEAP



from THE ASYLUM OF FROZEN HELL

...QUIANT PERHAPS?

...WELL -- PERHAPS IT'S QUIANT AND PERHAPS IT'S LOVABLE --  
PERHAPS YOU YOURSELF WOULD ENJOY LIVING IN THIS  
ANTIQUE MANSE, NESTLED IN THE QUIETNESS OF THE  
RURAL ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE.

...BUT IF YOU DID LIVE WITHIN THIS MY COVERED  
HOME YOU'D SOON CHANGE YOUR MIND ABOUT  
THE QUIANTNESS AND THE QUIETNESS...

...FOR THIS MANSE IS NOT LOVABLE --  
--OR EVEN L'VABLE--



WRITTEN BY HOWIE ANDERSON  
ILLUSTRATED BY AGFAS



...I HOPE -- I PRAY  
SHE'S HERE...

ALL WE CAN DO IS HOPE  
AND PRAY -- GOD HAS  
DESERTED US... JUST  
AS OUR DAUGHTER  
HAS DESERTED US!



THIS IS A NEW PHOTOGRAPH --  
IT WAS TAKEN A YEAR AGO...  
BEFORE SHE RAN AWAY FROM  
HOME -- HAVE YOU SEEN HER  
HERE AT HOME-AWAY-  
FROM-HOME HALFWAY  
HOUSE?

WHAT IS  
YOUR DAUGHTER'S  
NAME?



...HER NAME IS MARY  
JANE TRAVERSE...



WELL -- I'M SORRY  
MRS. TRAVERSE -- I HAVE  
NEVER SET EYES ON HER...  
SHE'S NEVER COME TO  
THIS HOUSE...



I WISH I COULD  
GO HOME!! I WISH  
-- I WISH I COULD  
GO HOME!!

YOU CAN'T GO HOME  
MARY-- NOT TILL YOU  
SHAKE YOUR HABIT

... IF YOU WERE AT HOME YOUR  
PARENTS WOULDN'T KNOW HOW  
TO COPE WITH YOU --THEY'D  
PUT YOU ON ONE OF THOSE  
REHABILITATION  
PROGRAMS...

... WE DO A MUCH  
BETTER JOB HERE OF  
REHABILITATING-- YOU  
KNOW THAT...



OH GOD... YES  
I KNOW  
I KNOW!



NOW GO UP TO YOUR ROOM MARY--  
GET SOME REST-- YOU'VE HAD A  
BAD DAY-- FULL OF OLD AND  
HAPPY MEMORIES.

YOU CAN'T TURN BACK THE CLOCK  
TO YESTERDAY WITHOUT SHAKING  
THE MONKEY ON YOUR BACK  
FIRST MARY-- YOU KNOW THAT!

YES CYNTHIA,  
I KNOW THAT!  
... GOD... HOW  
I KNOW THAT...





I CAN'T STAND IT... I CAN'T  
STAND IT... I'VE GOT TO  
GET OUT!!

--I'VE GOT TO  
GET OUT!!



I DON'T NEED MY HABIT.  
I'VE SHAKEN IT--IT'S  
BEEN SO LONG NOW  
I-I CAN'T EVEN  
REMEMBER WHAT  
IT'S LIKE!!

...I'M GOING HOME!



HEY LITTLE LADY--  
WHAT'RE YOU DOING  
OUT AT HIS TIME OF  
NIGHT?

I NEED A LIFT!  
GIVE ME A RIDE AS FAR AS THE  
NEXT TOWN, WILL YOU MISTER?  
I'LL GET A BUS THERE...

--I'M GOING HOME--



...I DON'T NEED THE STUFF --I DON'T NEED IT... I DON'T NEED  
IT... I JUST NEED TO GO HOME...

--EVERYTHING WILL WORK OUT  
THERE--I KNOW--I CAN SHAKE  
MY HABIT--I KNOW I CAN!

MY NAME IS  
HARRY WALKER  
WHAT'S YOURS?

MARY!





MARY IS ASLEEP  
NOW--HER LUST  
WAS SATIATED!

I'M HAPPY FOR HER  
--AT LEAST SHE WAS  
**FULFILLED**-- THE  
SIGHT OF THAT MAN'S  
BLOOD ALMOST DROVE  
ME MAD-- I ALMOST  
REVERTED BACK TO  
MY HABIT--  
MY BLOOD-LUST...

WE MUST FIGHT OUR LUSTS--  
WE MUST SHAKE LOOSE THE CRAVINGS FOR  
HUMAN BLOOD FROM OUR MINDS-- WE  
MUST -- IF WE ARE TO SURVIVE-- IF WE  
ARE EVER TO GO HOME - LIKE MARY WANTS  
SO MUCH TO DO!

WE'VE HAD A LONG  
AND HARD, HARD  
NIGHT-- GO TO  
SLEEP NOW--GET  
SOME REST!

YOU'RE RIGHT  
CYNTHIA-- YOU'RE  
RIGHT!

WE ALL WANT TO GO  
HOME-- LIVE A DECENT,  
NORMAL LIFE -- WE'VE  
GOT TO FIGHT OUR  
LUSTS!



WELL--YOU CAN FIGHT YOUR  
LUSTS GIRLS -- BUT I DON'T  
HAVE TO FIGHT MINE! I DON'T  
WANT TO GO HOME TO A  
STRAIGHT LIFE -- I DON'T  
WANT TO GO HOME BECAUSE  
I DON'T HAVE TO GO HOME--



--THIS IS MY HOME--  
...THESE WALLS ARE BY  
BELOVED PARENTS-- EVERY CROCK  
AND EVERY CRANNY I HAVE  
COME TO LOVE SINCE MY  
REAL PARENTS DIED AND  
BEQUESTED ME THIS MANSE--  
--THIS IS MY HOME--

AND YOU--MR. HARRY  
WALKER-- OUT OF THE  
GOOD NATURE OF  
YOUR HEART--

ARE BREAKFAST!





# GOTHIC FAIRY TALES:

WHERE ARE  
THOSE TWO  
KIDS?

...I THINK I SAW  
THEM GO INTO THE  
OLD GHOST HOUSE  
NEXT DOOR...

...I DON'T LIKE THEM  
IN THERE--THEY COULD  
VERY EASILY GET  
HURT...

...I WOULDN'T WORRY  
TOO MUCH DEAR...

I NEVER HEARD OF A GHOST  
ACTUALLY KILLING ANYONE!!

..THUS WE BEGIN THE HIGHLY UNLIKELY ADVENTURES OF TWO YOUNGSTERS, ANGIE AND DAVID MOORE, IN A GOTHIC FAIRY TALE. WE DON'T FOR A SECOND EXPECT YOU TO TAKE SERIOUSLY... FOR THIS TALE IS A FANTASY, AND ALTHOUGH OUR FANTASIES USUALLY HAVE A MORAL, THIS ONE IS INTENDED JUST AS A WEE BIT OF FUN AND NOTHING ELSE--SO SIT BACK, AND PULL THE PAGE UP CLOSE, FOR THINGS HAPPEN PRETTY FAST IN THIS TALE AND IF YOU DON'T WANT TO LOSE YOUR MIND YOU'D BETTER PAY CLOSE ATTENTION...







**NO!  
YOU CAN'T HURT  
US... YOU'RE  
ONLY A  
GHOST!**

**...THIS AXE  
IS REAL ENOUGH  
CHILD...**

**DAVE... DO  
AS HE SAYS  
PLEASE...**



**NO... NO...  
YOU CAN'T  
HURT US...**



**ASHES TO ASHES...  
DUST TO DUST  
WE COMMIT ANSELME  
AND DAVID TO THEIR  
ETERNAL GRAVES...**

**DO YOU THINK  
IT WAS AN  
ACCIDENT?**

**...THAT AN AXE FELL  
OFF A WALL AND  
KILLED TWO  
CHILDREN...**

**...AN ACCIDENT?  
NOT ON YOUR LIFE...  
IT WAS THAT  
DAMN GHOST!**



**GHOST MURDEROR!  
...CONFRONT ME...  
DENY YOUR GUILT...**



IT WAS  
**NOT** MY  
DOINGS!

J-JACK...  
TH-THERE  
IS A  
GHOST...

YOU  
KILLED MY  
CHILDREN...



ONLY IN SELF-  
DEFENSE... THEY  
WOULD'VE **BURNED**  
MY **HOME**... I DID  
NOT **MURDER** THEM...  
I PROTECTED MY  
PROPERTY...

HE'S **LYING**  
DADDY... HE **KILLED**  
US OUT OF  
**MEANNESS**.

...HE'S OUR  
**MURDEROR!**



M-MY DEAR  
G-GOD...

TELL ME THE  
**TRUTH** DAVID...



BUT... BUT  
I **AM** TELLING  
YOU THE **TRUTH**...

I'LL BET YOU  
AREN'T... I'LL  
BET YOU **WERE**  
GOING TO **BURN**  
THE **HOUSE** DOWN...



YOU CAN'T **YELL**  
AT US **NOW**... YOU  
CAN'T **HURT** US  
**NOW**... WE'RE  
**GHOSTS**...

...AND WE CAN  
**HURT** YOU...

IT'S YOUR **FAULT**.  
YOU NEVER SHOULD  
HAVE **LET** US  
**COME** INTO THE  
**HOUSE** IN THE  
**FIRST** PLACE...

I'LL PUT YOU OVER  
MY **KNEE** DAVID AND  
**SAANK** YOUR **RUMP**  
TILL IT **BURNS**...

OH NO... YOU  
**NO** YOU  
**WOON'T**...

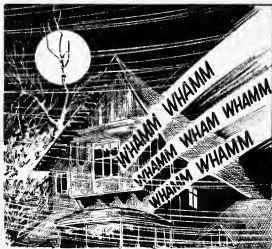


...NOW, DEAR READER, OUR TALE IS NOT YET OVER. OF  
COURSE, FOR IN THIS FANTASY THERE IS A **MORAL**  
AND EVERYONE GETS THEIR **JUST DESERTS...**





...AH, BUT OUR FABLE IS NOT OVER EVEN YET... FOR THERE IS STILL **ANOTHER** TO BE RECKONED WITH...ONE **BARNABAS SHELL**, AXE-MURDERER AND GHOST...



...IT'S BEEN SAID THERE'S TOO MUCH **VIOLENCE** AROUND NOWADAYS, SO WE '**BLANK OUT**' THIS LAST PANEL, BECAUSE, IT'S PRETTY **JACK** **VIOLENT**... WHAT WITH AN **AXE MURDERER** SLICING INTO THE **GHOSTLY REMAINS** OF A **FAMILY OF FOUR** WHOSE **ABOMINABLE SQUABBLING AND ARGUING** HAS DRIVEN THE **OWNER** OF THIS **SHOSTLY MANSE** ONE-STEP-BEYOND...

...THIS...

...IS CHAPTER 4 OF THE MACABRE *SAGA OF THE VICTIMS*...THE MAD TALE OF TWO WHO ARE  
SUBJECTED TO TERRIBLE ENDLESS HORRORS THAT COME AND END *WITHOUT* END... FURY UPON  
FURY IS UNLEASHED UPON THE UNWILLING ADVENTURERS... HELL UPON HELL IS THEIR CONTINUING  
CIRCUMSTANCE...

...THERE IS A LUNATIC YET SANE REASON FOR WHAT GOES ON...ONE WHICH WILL TAKE SOME TIME TO TELL...  
ONE TOWARDS WHICH ARE MYRIAD CLUES THAT MIGHT BEAUFULLY GUESSED...

... THIS IS CHAPTER FOUR...

# THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS



WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWITSON  
ILLUSTRATED BY SUSO



THE SAGA BEGAN A TERRIBLY LONG TIME AGO IN THIS MACABRE-MANSE BURIED IN CITY-MANNATTAN... WHERE ANNE ADAMS AND JOSEY FORSTER WERE REGISTERED AS COLLEGE STUDENTS...



...THEY BECAME GOOD FRIENDS QUICKLY... A STRONG RELATIONSHIP GREW UP TWEEN THE PAIR... ONE WHICH CONTINUED ON INTO HELL WHEN THEY WERE ONE NIGHT ATTACKED BY STRANGE... MUTANTS WHO CARRIED THEM BELOW THE SCHOOL TO AN UNDERGROUND CITY POPULATED BY LUNATICS...

...THEY WERE DRAGGED FROM HORROR TO HORROR TO FACE WRETCHED AND DEGENERATE FRIENDS OF ALL MANNER AND ORIGIN... BUT NOT UNTIL THEY FACED THIS MASSIVE PTERODACTYL DID THEY COME TO FULLY REALIZE THEY WERE VICTIMS FOR SOME INSANE THO UNKNOWN REASON...



...THE VICTIMS ARE NEVER GIVEN ANYTIME TO THINK OF THOSE REASONS THO... THEY ARE TORMENTED BY LUDICROUS TORMENTORS WHO DENY THEM REST AND FOOD AND EXHAUST THEM PHYSICALLY AND MENTALLY...



...THIS BRINGS US TO THE **PRESENT MOMENT**  
... WHEN **BOUND** AND **GAGGED** THEY ARE  
FORCED TO WALK THE PLANK OF A **PIRATE SHIP**  
MANNED BY **CORPSES**... THEY ARE **FREED** WHEN  
THE SHIP **VANISHES** INTO THE **PIT** OF A  
**WHIRLPOOL** IN **CENTRAL-ATLANTIC** BUT ARE  
ABOUT TO **DROWN** WHEN A **BIZARRE TENTACLE**  
APPEARS FROM THE **MAELSTROM WALL** AND  
WRAPS AROUND THEM...

...THIS **OBSCENE TENTACLE**, WHILE IT PREVENTS  
THEIR **IMMINENT DEATH BY DROWNING**, DOES  
**LITTLE** TO EASE THEIR **MINDS**... FOR **DEATH BY**  
**DROWNING** IS PERHAPS AN **EASIER, MINDER,**  
**FASTER DEATH** THAN **DEATH BY UTTER**  
**SUFFOCATION**... AND AS THIS **TENTACLE** WRAPS  
'ROUND THEM **TIGHTER** AND **TIGHTER** THE  
MOMENT OF THE **DEATH** OF THE **VICTIMS**  
BECOMES **CLOSER** WITH **EVERY-**  
**PASSING-SECOND**...

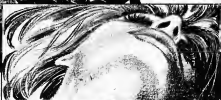


**I AM TREACHERY**  
**...I AM HORROR INCARNATE**

...THE MONSTROUS BLACK-  
POROUS **TENTACLE** RAISES  
THEM OUT OF THE WATER  
AND THE SWIRLING  
MAELSTROM... RAISES THEM  
HIGH ABOVE **ONE** DEATH  
ONLY TO THREATEN  
**ANOTHER...**



...IT **SWINGS** THEM ABOUT **PLAYING** WITH  
THE **VICTIMS...** IT **SQUEEZES** TILL THEY  
CANNOT **BREATHE** THEN IT **RELAXES** TILL  
THEY NEAR-**FALL** FROM ITS **HOLD**, BACK  
INTO THE **WHIRLPOOL...**



...THEN IT **BEGINS**  
TO **RE-COIL** AND  
PULLS THEM INTO  
ITS **UNSEEN**  
ORIGINS **BEHIND**  
THE **WALL** OF  
**WATER...**



...IT **PULLS** THEM INTO THE **WALL**  
OF **WATER** AND THEY **ALMOST**  
**DROWN...** YET ITS **MOVEMENTS**  
ARE **SURE** AND **DELIBERATE...**  
AND IT DOES NOT **FALTER** IN ITS  
MIGHTY **EFFORTS** TO **DRAW**  
THEM **CLOSER** AND **CLOSER...**

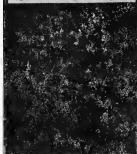


...CLOSER AND  
CLOSER TO ITS  
CAVERNOUS MOUTH!  
...NOW THE MONSTER IS  
REVEALED...AND WERE THE TWO  
GIRL VICTIMS NOT ALREADY  
**CHOKING** FROM LACK OF  
OXYGEN THEY WOULD SURELY  
NOW FAINT FROM THE VERY  
SIGHT OF THIS GROTESQUE  
MUTANT SQUID...

...WHO  
DEVOURS  
THEM IN-  
TOTAL...



... INSIDE THE BLACK-MOIST  
MOUTH OF THE SQUID  
THEY ARE RESOLVED TO  
ACCEPT THEIR DEATH...



... BUT *INSTEAD* THEY FIND  
THEMSELVES *DRY* AS, MYSTERIOUSLY,  
THE *OCEAN* VANISHES FROM THIS  
FLESHY PIT... AND HENCE PERMITS THEM  
TO *BREATHE*...



... AND ABLE  
TO *SEE*...



... ANNE  
... ANNE...  
*LIGHT!*

... HOW CAN  
THERE BE A  
LIGHT FIXTURE  
IN THE MOUTH OF  
A SQUID?...

... UNLESS...

... UNLESS IT *ISN'T* A  
SQUID AT ALL?...



... WELL...  
... ARE YOU GOING  
TO THANK ME  
OR NOT?





"... I TRAVEL SOMETIMES TO THE CARIBBEAN... WHERE I COME UP OUT OF THE WATERS AND TERRORIZE TOURISTS..."





...OFF THE COAST OF PERU  
I AM KNOWN AS **EL LUNATICO**... I AM FEARED BY  
THE SUPERSTITIOUS IDIOTS  
WHO THINK I'M A GOD OF  
SOME KIND..."



...OFF THE SOUTHERN TIP OF  
**AFRICA** I AM FIRED UPON BY  
AUTHORITIES... FOOLISH,  
BUREAUCRATIC SIMPLETONS.  
I MERELY **DEMOLISH** THEIR  
TOY ARMAMENTS..."



I...HATE TO  
ASK THIS QUESTION...  
...BUT...  
...WHAT ARE YOU GOING  
TO DO WITH US?...

...AM I NOT HOSPITABLE?  
DIDN'T I **SAVE** YOU FROM  
**DEATH**? I GIVE YOU **FOOD**  
AND **GOOD WINE**... AND YOU THINK  
I AM... SOMEHOW... UP TO NO  
**GOOD!**!...

...WHY...  
...**NOTHING**...



...WHAT AM I  
GOING TO **DO**  
WITH YOU?...



...I AM A NOBLE CAPTOR...  
 ...DO NOT THINK FOR A MOMENT THAT  
 I THREATEN YOU IN ANY WAY... BUT I  
 FAIL TO SEE HOW YOU HAVE ANY  
 ALTERNATIVE BUT TO REMAIN HERE  
 WITH ME... IT HAS BEEN MANY MANY LONG  
 YEARS SINCE I HAVE HAD FEMALE  
 COMPANIONSHIP...  
 ...AND YOU... WILL BE IDEAL  
 COMPANY... TWO YOUNG  
 GIRLS?... OH YES...



YOU ARE  
 ALONE... WE  
 COULD EASILY  
 OWEPOWER  
 YOU...

...AND  
 THEN?...



...THEN?...

...THEN...  
 WHAT WOULD  
 YOU DO THEN?...

WOULD YOU  
 SUDDENLY MASTER  
 THE INTRICATE  
 CONTROLS OF MY  
 SUBMARINE?...

...HA HA... FOOLISH  
 GIRLS...

...YOU  
 HAVE NO  
 ALTERNATIVE...

...MAY WE...

...MAY WE...  
 SLEEP  
 PLEASE...



CERTAINLY...  
 CERTAINLY... YOU MAY  
 BOTH DO WHATEVER  
 YOU LIKE...  
 ...YOU MAY SLEEP IN  
 THERE UNTIL I CAN MAKE  
 ARRANGEMENTS FOR MORE  
 APPROPRIATE  
 QUARTERS FOR  
 YOU...







...I HAVE THE FEELING WE SHOULD HAVE **THANKED** HIM ...AFTER ALL JOSEY, HE **DID** SAVE US...

...I THINK IT'S ALL PART OF THE **PLOT**...

...PLOT?...



THIS **PLOT** TO **BREAK** US IN **HALF**...

...STILL... THAT DOESN'T MEAN WE **GIVE UP**! WE'LL HAVE TO FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO **FREE OURSELVES**...

OH... WELL **THAT'S** NO PROBLEM...

...HUH?...



...HE TOLD US THE SOLUTION **HIMSELF**...

WHAT?...

YES... HE TALKED ABOUT THE **CONTROLS** OF THIS... SUBMARINE... SQUID THING...

...WELL... ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS **WATCH HIM** AND **LEARN** THE **CONTROLS**...



...THEN... WE JUST GET **RID** OF HIM AND TAKE THIS... THING... INTO A SHORE SOMEWHERE...

...THAT'S RIGHT...

...IT ALL SEEMS A BIT **SIMPLE**...

...AND **THAT'S** WHY IT'LL **WORK**...

... THE GIRLS ARE ALLOWED *REST* FROM THEIR CONSTANT *AGONY'S* FOR A DAY OR SO, DURING WHICH TIME THEY OCCUPY THEMSELVES IN THE STUDY OF SUBMARINE NAVIGATION... WATCHING THE NAZI-DWARF'S EVERY ACTION AT THE INTRICATE CONTROLS...



... BUT IT IS NOT *LONG* BEFORE AN *OPPORTUNITY* PRESENTS ITSELF FOR THEIR *ESCAPE*... FOR THEIR HEINOUS CAPTOR IS BENT ON *IMPRESSING* THEM WITH HIS WEIRD WAYS AND PULLS THE *SQUID-SHIP* INTO A *NATURAL HARBOR* OFF THE *AFRICAN COAST*...



... WHERE HE BEGINS TO *DESTROY* NATIVE FISHING VESSELS...













NO... YOU ARE DISGUSTING...

I CAME TO THE UNITED STATES TO  
GET AN EDUCATION AND BETTER MYSELF...

... BUT YOUR PEOPLE... BLACK AND WHITE ALIKE  
SCORNE D AND RIDICULE D MY SIZE...

... I WAS NEVER GIVEN PEACE...

... BUT HERE I AM AT HOME... AND  
HERE, AS WITCH-DOCTOR FOR  
MY TRIBE... I AM A WARLORD!

EVERYONE!

... FOR YOU  
SEE... MY  
PEOPLE ARE  
CANNIBALS!

... WARLORD?...  
WHO DO YOU  
MAKE WAR  
UPON?...  
... AND LATER...

... YOU ARE  
AN EDUCATED  
MAN... YOU  
KNOW THAT'S  
BARBARIC...



... YES...

... ISN'T  
IT...

MY PEOPLE WILL ESCORT  
YOU TO A HUT WHERE YOU'LL  
BE KEPT PRISONER  
ALONG WITH SEVERAL  
OTHERS CAPTURED EARLIER  
TODAY...

... AND LATER...

... YOU WILL  
BE TORTURED  
... AND THEN...

EATEN!





...THESE  
OTHERS...  
LOOK  
AT THEM  
JOSEY...

...POOR WRETCHED  
PEOPLE...  
...THEY KNOW WHAT IS TO  
BECOME OF THEM... WE  
CAN ONLY GUESS...

NOTHING  
WILL BECOME  
OF US...

WHAT?

NOT IF WE  
ESCAPE... AND WE  
MUST ESCAPE...  
YOU KNOW WE  
MUST...

...OR WE MUST DIE  
TRYING TO ESCAPE  
... OTHERWISE WE'LL  
BE GIVING  
IN...



NO... THAT'S  
WHAT WE'RE SUPPOSED  
TO DO... EITHER GIVE IN  
AND ADMIT DEFEAT AND  
BEG OUR UNSEEN  
TORMENTORS FOR MERCY...  
OR... JUST GIVE IN AND  
LET WHATEVER HAPPENS JUST  
HAPPEN...

...WELL... WE WON'T GIVE IN  
EITHER WAY...



THE  
GUARD IS  
ASLEEP...

...BUT  
WE'RE TIED  
UP...

...I... DON'T  
KNOW ANNE... I  
THINK WE'VE  
HAD IT THIS  
TIME...







NOW  
MY LITTLE  
ONES...

... YOU WANT TO  
**ESCAPE** DO YOU?  
I THINK WE'LL **FEAST**  
UPON YOU... SOONER  
THAN WE **EXPECTED**  
TO...

HA HA HA HA  
HA HA HA

HA HA HA HA  
HA HA HA

... HERE ENDS **CHAPTER FOUR** OF THE **SAGA OF THE VICTIMS**... ENDS WITH CERTAIN **QUESTIONS** LEFT UNANSWERED STILL... BUT NOT THE **SAME** QUESTIONS...

... IT IS **PAINFULLY** OBVIOUS FROM THE CONTINUED AND VARIED SITUATIONS THE **VICTIMS** FALL INTO THAT THERE IS AN **AWESOME** CONTROLLING **MANIAC** WHO IS THEIR TORTURER ... THAT HE WILL NOT LET THE **GIRLS** **FREE** UNTIL THEY **ADMIT DEFEAT**... THE QUESTION **NOW** IS **WHO?**...

... WE KNOW THEY WILL **ESCAPE** THIS **WITCH-DOCTOR-GIANT**... THERE IS NO **SECRET** IN **THAT**... ALTHOUGH THERE IS OBVIOUSLY AT THIS **MOMENT** A QUESTION OF THE **MEANS** BY WHICH THEY MIGHT **ESCAPE**... THE QUESTION IS **WHAT IS NEXT**...

...NEXT... **AN ANSWER BEGINS**... IN:

**... I AM A PROUD MONSTROSITY...**

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